

GREETING TO ALL.

Sweet Slagers Send Words of Good Cheer to the People.

Christmas Sentiments from Men and Women of Renown.

A Gathering of Well-Wishers from All Over the Land.

Just as the ocean draws to itself all the waters of the hurrying rivers and gives them out again to smaller rivers, so THE WORLD has gathered here in the black type that runs on below a handful of Christmas sentiments from men and women who have earned the right to be listened to when they speak. From the far South, where the odorous Christmas time is a feast of flowers, to the North, where the steel clang of the skate points the Christmas music; from the hurrying West, that catches breath for a moment blessing the holy day, and the East, that remembers the snow that the lesson of charity is the lesson of the day—from all over the land these well-wishers gather here.

Just as the humble living-room of a household draws to itself all the family, making it a loving-room, so THE WORLD has gathered here these men and women to say their word to you. In spirit they and the spirit of this journal stretch out a hand and say such words as friend speaks to friend in this glad time. How hard it is to say all one would say in words this little verse, which has drifted in with other Christmas greetings, tells better than mere stumbling prose:

If Christmas cards had gift of voice,
Instead of resting always mute,
And I by chance could have my choice
And find a charming one to suit,
And tell in accents full of force
The feelings not in type expressed,
I'd send it on its loving course
With whispered wishes weighted down,
Which all your days with joy would crown
And bid it do for me the rest.

But since the time has not yet come
That cards with voice our ears can bless,
And all are now—ever dumb—
My sweetest wishes you must guess.
—J. H. KIRKMAN.

From Oliver Wendell Holmes,
Boston, Dec. 22, 1890.

You are pleased to ask me as one of twenty competitors to give your paper for publication on Christmas morning "a brief and fitting message to the people of the United States."

I answer, as one of 60,000,000 American citizens, all of whom, I trust, would join me in the sentiment I express:

"Pax vobiscum! May the time soon come when all the nations of the earth, whatever their boundaries and whatever their forms of government, can be included under the peaceful and friendly title of THE UNITED STATES OF CHRISTENDOM!"

Yours very truly,
OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

From George William Curtis,
West New Brighton, Dec. 22, 1890.

What better Christmas wish could there be for our own country or for any other than the words which I believe were the last that Charles Sumner publicly uttered in Massachusetts: "I would not have my country forget in the discharge of its transcendent duties that the rule of conduct and of honor is the same for nations as for individuals." This recalls Sir Walter Scott's last words to his son-in-law, Lockhart: "Be a good man, my dear."

No nation or man that conforms to this rule will go astray, and on a day consecrated to peace and good will none is better worth meditating.

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

From Bishop Newman,
New York, Dec. 24, 1890.

Christmas is the feast of the home-life of the Republic. No incident in the Saviour's earthly career has created such universal and oft-recurring joy as when the "wise men opened their treasures they presented unto him gifts—gold, frankincense and myrrh." Among the lowly and among the great their blessed example has established a custom wherever Christ is known. They did not dream that by that one act they were enshrining him in the heart of the childhood of the world, and that so long as that childhood continues so long will the angel sing, "On earth peace, good-will to men."

Christianity is the religion of the home of wedded love, filial affection and the scene of our sweetest joys and deepest sorrows. Out of our home life issues the life of our nation. Degrade marriage and neglect its duties, and the great Republic falls to pieces like a rope of sand. Home is the seminary of all those sentiments of kindness, those principles of honor, honesty and courage and those virtues of generosity and philanthropy that will emancipate mankind from slavery, idolatry, war, intolerance, idleness, poverty and crime, and unite all men in the brotherhood of faith, hope and charity.

Home, home, sweet home,
Be it ever so humble,
There is no place like home.
—JOHN P. NEWMAN.

From David Swing,
Chicago, Dec. 24.

The United States—the greatest oppor-

tunity ever offered to man. Each citizen should urge himself and the nation onward in intelligence, industry, honor and benevolence.

DAVID SWING.

From Joel Chandler Harris,
Atlanta, Dec. 24.

The shopping demonstrations and Christmas preparations that have been going on in this city for a week past have been of a most overwhelming and surprising character. They have so far outrun both experience and expectation as to become at once unique and picturesque.

As Atlanta represents in a larger degree, perhaps, than any other town the active business interests of our entire section, I think these demonstrations and preparations may be taken as a gauge of the prosperity of the South. The financial stringency seems to be a myth so far as people here are concerned. Never have I witnessed such holiday enthusiasm nor such determination to get happiness and pleasure if it is to be bought in retail shops.

I have forgotten the name of the man who, in a conversation about Santa Claus, remarked that he wouldn't mind the claws if the old fellow didn't have such a long bill. If he lived in this region it was years ago. He is not here now.

I think the South is in a mood to send hearty Christmas greetings to the rest of the country. There is larger prosperity here than ever before, and it is not confined to any particular class. There are those, of course, who, in all ages and at all periods, find themselves to be children of misfortune; but in preparations that have been going on the poor and needy have not been forgotten. Peace, prosperity, happiness and contentment seem to have taken up their abode among our people.

The only discordant voices that can be heard are those of sectionalists at Washington who, in spite of the suggestions of reason and the protests of a reunited people, are striving to renew the prejudices of the war and to revive the confusion of the reconstruction period.

JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS.

VI.

From James Whitcomb Riley,
Indianapolis, Dec. 24.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE WORLD:

Christmas GREETING.

To all of God-forsaken and good cheer
To all on earth, or far or near,
Or friend or foe, or those or mine—
In echo of the voice divine,
Hear from the star-bombed North and the
The world's face, with God's smile on it.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

From Mark Twain.

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It is said that Dr. Strady will give particular attention to lupus cases, and arrangements have been made for the treatment of a limited number of acceptable cases, to be selected by the physician in charge of the patients who apply at the hospital. Dr. Strady will also soon begin experiments with the lymph in cancer cases at the New York Cancer Hospital.

The experiments now in progress have attracted considerable interest among the lay people with consumptive affections. Even the aristocratic people who cannot afford the cost of private care are flocking to the hospital to be inoculated with the mysterious fluid.

"It places a great responsibility upon the operators," said a prominent physician this morning. "The results are not yet simple enough, but the results are developed in my mind. The EXPOSURE is quite right in advising medical men to go slow."

LAWYER HUGHES IN LIMBO.

Bogus Divorces Make Him Spend Christmas in a Cell.

Lawyer William D. Hughes, who was arrested yesterday at his rooms in the house 65 Third avenue, charged, with issuing a fraudulent divorce, did not secure bail this morning as he expected and spends his Christmas as a prisoner at Police Headquarters.

Acting Sup. Judge McGowan said yesterday whether any more divorces would be made in connection with the case.

Hughes declines to say anything to-day about the bogus divorce business with which he is charged, but darkly threatens to make good his reputation by appearing in court tomorrow before Judge Martin in General Sessions.

"There is more behind it than you guess," he says, "and I will show it up now."

The warrant on which he was taken into custody charges him with issuing the seal and signature of the Clerk of Cook County, Ill., to a fraudulent and bogus decree of divorce, purporting to be granted to ex-Mr. William S. Penfield, of Fort Worth, Tex.

From Mark Twain.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE WORLD:

It is my heart-warm and world-embracing Christmas hope and aspiration that all of us—the high, the low, the rich, the poor, the despised, the despised, the loved, the hated, the civilized, the savage—may eventually be gathered together in a heaven of everlasting rest and peace and bliss—except the inventor of the telephone.

MARK TWAIN.

Hartford, Dec. 23.

From Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE WORLD:

To be asked to wish the American people a merry Christmas in a penful of ink is rather a puzzling request. But who can say nay at Christmas time?